

RAISING THE DEVIL,

OR,

The Legend of Peter Groome,

WITH A MORAL THERETO.

PART II.

I could not come myself, so I sent you **PETER GROOME**.

Slowly rising from the caldron,
Midst the vapor dim,
Came a form in human guise,
But it was by no means grim;
In fact there was nothing about it at all diabolical,
On the contrary something that was rather bucolical;
For 'twas plain to be seen,
From its shape and its mien,
That it was or had been,
While in this world above,
A ploughman, or ditcher, or hedger,
Or some such agricultural cove,
Though he long ago vanished,
From upper Earth banished,
And his name's to be found
Very far under ground,
In OLD NICK's most voluminous ledger.
And since he became,
The servant of him,
Who binds in his chain
The children of sin,
He is sometimes sent up,
At a deuce of a pace,
Through the regions of space,
Precious dark ones they are too,
In Earth's bowels pent up,
The work of his MASTER to do.

"Vell," said Peter, as he lightly
Stepped upon the floor,—
"Vot d'yer vant, yer precious willains?
"Ar'nt it now a gallows bore,
"That I's to come off this here vay,
"A pack of lies for you to say?
"Ar'nt there no rascals of yer own,
"In this here world to show,
"That you've to send for PETER GROOME,
"Up from the world below?
"And now I'll tell yer vot it is;—
"I's up—as me my MASTER bid;—
"I'll do yer dirty work—but I'll be riz
"If you'll be quickly of me rid."

And what did the wizards say or do?
Why they were in a terrible stew—
They first turned yellow and then turned blue,
And then turned rather more red
Than an Alderman much over fed,
And did'nt know what the deuce to do—
But the wonderful thing of all to see,
Was the "MAN WITH THE WONDERFUL NOSE,"
For that nose, as every one knows,
Is a nose of no common degree,
Being already as red as a nose can be;—
But, lo! what a sight,
As in terrible dread
The rest of the wizards turned red,
The "WONDERFUL NOSE" turned white!!

But like eels to slaying knife,
And hissing frying pan,

They soon got used to PETER GROOME
As to a proper man;
They quite forgot his bones were bare
And rotting in the tomb,
That nothing but some "airs from hell"
Did make up PETER GROOME;—
And straightway they did question him,
That phantom spirit grim,
To tell them how
They might find the man out
Who kindled the flames
In the midst of the rout
And the fright,
On the night,
That the "REBEL CLAIMS"
After much jaw
Past into law.

"And is that all," quoth Groome his ghost,
"I was really just going to say, bless you,
"Only that blessings is not much in my way,
"Then pray do not let the matter distress you,
"I should not like to see any friend of mine lost,
"Or rather of MASTER'S, for want of a friend to say,
"Three words in his favor;—
"So just have me up, no one will know me,
"By way of a witness, and I'll very soon show ye
"What a very nice flavor
"Of truth may be put in three bushels of lies
"By a chap that knows how to throw dust in men's eyes."

So spake he, and like lightning
Seized on pen and ink,
And clapp'd himself into a chair
With a very knowing wink;—
And a pointblank deposition
In a jiffy did indite
In which he set forth when and where,
And put down in black and white,
One ROBERT COOKE, a shocking Tory,
At Satan's instigation,
And of malice prepense did excite
A general conflagration
By which a sudden stop was put
To the country's legislation;
For its pretty clear to any man
Possessed of any nous,
That a Parliament cant sit well
Without a Parliament House.
He wrote—and signed it "PETER GROOME"—
A fiendish yell rang through the room;
For an instant a light
Flashed dazzlingly bright,
And then all sank in murkiest gloom.

The evil spirit never sleeps—
Once evoked it haunts for ever;
And you ne'er can shake it off,
For conscience slumbereth never;
So beware all ye who think of evil
Lest unwittingly you RAISE THE DEVIL.